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AND

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SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1801.

The Girl of the Mountains.

[CONCLUDED.]

A FORTNIGHT slipped away almost unnoticed by all parties; for who could think of time, when every hour flew winged with happiness? The Count was the first who roused himself from the sweet delirium, and wished to fix a day for his departure.

This, though expected, a little clouded the sweet animated features of Adelaide; —the Governor proposed two of his servants to attend him, besides his own, to lighten her apprehensions for his safety, and they were all to accompany him on his first day's journey.

The day came, the journey was undertaken; they all slept on the road, and parted in the morning, with tolerable composure between the father and his darling child: the former proceeded over the mountains, and the latter returned with the Marchioness, as they were all to fix at Estella in a few days.

Within a few miles of home, going thro' a small hamlet at the entrance of the wood, they perceived an elderly man picking up some of the underwood, as if for firing; a woman that moment ran out of the cottage, crying, "Pedro, come in, I fear the young man is dying."

They instantly stopped the carriage, and the Governor asked, "who is the young man, and what ails him?"

"I do not know, (answered she,) who he is, but I believe he is dying."

"Ah! (said Adelaide,) pray let us give our assistance."

"By all means," answered the Governor. They alighted, and entered the cottage. In an inner room, on a sorry bed, laid a man, whom the good couple seemed anxious to assist; as they advanced, he cried out, "O my God!"—and in the moment the Marchioness sunk on the floor with a piercing shriek.

Adelaide exclaimed, "O, it is Lewis!" The Governor cried, "Is it possible, Carlos, my nephew!"

All flew to assist the Marchioness, who was not quite senseless, though the shock had taken from her every power of support.

The unfortunate cause of this confusion, had raised himself upon the bed, looking wildly around, but without uttering a word, till the Marchioness had recovered.—"Carlos, my dear Carlos!" said she.

"Dear——" he repeated, attempted to stretch out his hands, and fainted away.

It is impossible to represent the surprise and concern of the whole party. His mother hung over him, and by salts restored his senses, then kissing the maternal hand that supported him—"My dearest mother, grieve not; I have been unworthy of you, —O do not, do not let me see those precious tears!"

Adelaide took his hand; it trembled in her's.—"Do you not know me?" asked she.

"Not know you! alas! you are the last dear object of my thoughts."

"But you are my aunt," cried he, with quickness, and drawing his hand from her, —I saw the fatal ceremony that sharpened the sword pointed to my breast; the hand that gave you to another gave the mortal stroke that will soon release me from all my sufferings.'

Adelaide at that moment recollected the dream that had once terrified her so greatly; and however disposed to think lightly of such imperfect visions, she could not help being surprised at the concurrence between that and the words of poor Carlos.

"Good heavens! (exclaimed the Marchioness, starting from the bed,) can nothing be done to save him? Fly, fly for a physician!"

"Stop, (said he,) indeed no medical aid can save me; I received my death blow in the cavern; I recovered by the interposition of an angel from the wounds, but my constitution was so materially injured, that I have dragged out a lingering miserable existence, and now all will soon pass away. A letter in my pocket, written ten days ago, was to have been sent to you when all was over. That good woman promised to deliver it. I feel for you; yet it is a consolation to receive your forgiveness, —to die in your presence.—Am I,—am I forgiven by you all?"

"Oh! yes, yes! (cried the wretched mother,)—all, all is pardoned! Live, my dearest Carlos!—we may yet be happy!"

"Impossible!—Life is no longer my wish. I bless the approach of that messenger of peace, that will throw oblivion over my errors, and ease you of doubt and torment."

For several minutes there was a most pathetic silence, interrupted only by sighs and tears; when seeming to be collecting all his remeaining strength, he held out his hand, and looking at Adelaide, she understood it was for her's. She pressed the cold feeble hand in both of her's, he joined it with his mother's, and said—"Be to her a daughter,—never forsake her; comfort and cherish her through life."

He then addressed the Governor, who took his other hand:—"My dear sir, you are, you must be happy; make that excellent lady so; let her happiness be your constant study, and may you live many years

to enjoy every felicity on earth. Commend me to the Count;—and now, now, all pray for me, that heaven may extend its mercy, —that we may all meet again in bliss;—and may our heavenly Father forgive me, and bless you all!"

Those were the last words that he could articulate, and in about half an hour breathed his last. Here all description fails; the Marchioness sunk into the arms of Adelaide. The melancholy scene that followed, all feeling hearts may conceive, and to others it would be useless to paint it.

After a few hours, the Marchioness and Adelaide were conveyed home, Don Lopez having undertaken the management of every necessary office on this melancholy occasion.

When the Governor came to them, he delivered to his sister the letter found in the pocket of her deceased son. She eagerly seized it —'Read it, my beloved Adelaide,' said she, 'I cannot see.'

The seal was broken, and with many pauses, occasioned by their sighs and tears, she at length got thro' the following contents:

FOR THE MARCHIONESS DE GUSMAN.

My Dear Mother,

Was not my death certain, your unworthy son never would have called you by that tender appellation. Now, I beseech your forgiveness of all the crimes and follies which wrung the hearts of my parents with sorrow, and stamped infamy upon my name for ever.

To enter upon a detail of what I have suffered since the hour I fled from Paris, would only be to wound your feelings unnecessarily, nor have I strength for long stories.

I fled, I cared not whither, from friends I had disgraced, and shamefully injured,—from a false infamous woman. I flew to the French army then in Italy; I entered a volunteer, courting death in every shape; the tyrant eluded my wishes, I was taken prisoner in a sharp engagement, and carried to Pavia. There I remained in close confinement for three years, and was released on an oath never to serve in the French army again.

Two of the men released with me were villains by nature; they were as destitute as myself; they proposed going to the mountains, and making depredations on the neighbourhood, and on the unprotected traveller. Blush for your degenerate son, when he consented to this vile scheme. We wandered round the different mountains in Germany and France, and at length went to the Pyrenees.

We one day in the woods met with two desperate villains, one of them with me demanded a parley, told them our occupation and proposed joining. It was accepted, we were conducted to a cavern in the mountain, where we found immense riches. Here we resided, and carried on our dreadful trade.

One morning it was discovered that my companions had deserted us, carrying away as much money and jewels as they could load themselves with.

After this they seemed to watch me narrowly. Thus we went on, until the day that our retreat was seen by the father of Adelaide. There was an air of soft melancholy in him that insensibly engaged my attention: I accompanied him.——Never shall I forget the moment when the most interesting female in the world flew into his arms, and fainted away.

From that moment my soul underwent a transformation; it seemed re-animated with new hopes, desires, and wishes;—admiration, tenderness, and respect engrossed every idea; I threw a retrospection on the years I had passed in vice, folly, and the most infamous and degrading connexions, I shuddered at the view.

After a long struggle with my feelings, I resolved to submit to the humiliation I deserved, to disclose my past life, though not my name, to this respectable man. The following day I intended to have executed my design, but the alteration of my sentiments had caused such a change in my countenance that it created suspicions in those miscreants they resolved to satisfy. They had watched me that day; the event was being assassinated by them, and thrown down the broken stairs into a damp dungeon.

A miracle only could have preserved me from instant death. [Here he mentions his preservation by Adelaide, and recapitulates what took place after her escape, as formerly related by Lesare, and then proceeds,] The moment we could travel, we set out different ways to trace Adelaide. Lesare crossed the mountains towards Spain; and I ranged about a long time, searched every village, hamlet, and cottage, in the neighbourhood—again returned to the mountains, when Providence conducted me to the hermit's cell where Adelaide had been received. He informed me of her safety; he also told me that her father lived, and where I might find him. I hastened to the spot; I obtained his confidence, and learned his name and rank.—It was then that every hope and wish was blasted. Had he been of common rank, I hoped to have made him master of the riches in the cavern, to have sought his friendship, and to have endeavoured to have restored his child, and by my conduct to deserve her favour. But the Count de Beauvais never would condescend to bestow his child on a man who had so shamefully disgraced his name and family, and whom he had known in a situation so infamous.—I relinquished at once every flattering wish, and left him without revealing myself, and went to Baredge.

I sent a man to inquire the route of the Countess, and if Adelaide was with her. He returned, and, to my utter astonishment acquainted me the young lady had left the Countess, and was then with the Marchioness de Gusman. I determined to go disguised into the neighbourhood of Estella, but was seized with a fever, that, meeting a costitution worn out with sorrow, settled on my lungs. I recovered indeed, but I found the disorder rooted at my heart.—When enabled to travel, with difficulty I reached Estella, where I learned that Adelaide had met with her father, and that the whole party had that day fortnight set off for your house. I arrived at the fatal place on that very morning when I was to receive the final blow that sends me to the grave.—You were all proceeding to church—I joined in the throng of peasants unnoticed;—I stood at a small distance; I saw the Count give his charming daughter to my uncle.—Light fled from my eyes, nor returned till I found myself surrounded by rustics, who had restored me.

I know not what were my feelings; I crept feebly from them, traversed the woods in a state of distraction, and was found on the skirts of it by the worthy peasant at whose cottage I write this last account.—All will soon be over with me.

May you, my tender, but ill-treated mother, may you forgive all my crimes, and forget the unhappy being who will soon be no more, and who trusts in the mercy of heaven to pardon a repentant sinner!—Forgive, and forget me!

And may you, lovely, dearest, and best of creatures,—may you, charming Adelaide, enjoy perfect happiness in this life with one of the worthiest of men! I can wish him no earthly good he does not possess; in you he is blest indeed! I can add no more.—Heaven bless you all!

CARLOS.

When this melancholy letter was read through, every eye overflowed with pity and sorrow.

Adelaide had a painful task to stifle her own grief, and administer comfort to an afflicted parent, who for some days was inconsolable. Reason, and the constant unwearied attendance of Adelaide, at length succeeded in calming the turbulence of grief, and brought her to confess that dreadful as the event was, it was less misery than the suspense and terror she had known for years.

Adelaide dropped many tears to the memory of poor Carlos. This was the first and last painful event that clouded their happiness. The Marchioness consented to reside entirely with her adopted daughter, now also her beloved sister.

The Count de Beauvais finding no difficulty in disposing of his effects, returned with all speed to Estella, having previously visited his friends at the monastry, and called on the worthy hermit. His return to them diffused such general joy, that the traces of grief fled before the prospects of happiness. They bowed to the Almighty with unspeakable, but heart-felt gratitude, for the blessings that surrounded them; nor presumed to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, in the loss of their dear and lamented relation; since all human felicity must ever remain imperfect in this chequered state of life.

The machinations of one abandoned woman had extended misery and sorrow into two respectable families. Her triumph was short; she suffered disgrace and confinement, and, when again she was permitted to appear in the world, a severe tetribution attended her.

In her last moments she gave a lesson of fearful admonition to the worthless and wicked heart—that criminality and vice rarely escape punishment even in this world—and that, though rank and riches my dazzle weak minds, and for a time carry the offender triumphantly over the virtuous,—a day, an hour must arrive, when the trem-

bling soul shrinks from the polluted body, when to remember is horror unutterable, and to look forward terror and despair!

The amiable and virtuous Adelaide by a perseverance in all her duties, by patience, courage, and rectitude, overcame all the misfortunes that threatened her.

With the best of husbands, the tenderst of fathers, the most affectionate of friends, she enjoyed, through the whole course of her life and their's, as much true felicity as can possibly fall to the lot of mortals.

A very short time after the return of the Count de Beauvais, he had the inexpressible delight of embracing his kind preserver, Monsieur St. Amand, and his relations, who came to make their promised visit to the Marchioness.

The visit was not a short one, and a constant correspondence was the only consolation he had in the affectionate hour of parting.

Donna Padilla carried into France a corrosive pain at her heart, that precluded peace or rest; and, after wandering through the kingdom vainly in pursuit of pleasure, she returned into Spain, with a dejection of spirits that finally settled into a profound melancholy, and induced her to bury herself in a convent for the remainder of her days.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

"WHAT IS MY THOUGHT LIKE?"

THIS is an old English play, probably unknown to some of your readers. It is thus—In a company, a person is chosen president, who sits at the head of the table, and thinking of some particular person or thing, without mentioning it, is to ask each person in company, "what is my thought like?" Each person is to give an answer, which may be written down, to prevent it from being forgotten, and then the president discloses the subject, and requires of each person a reason for his simile.

Going into a tavern one evening, where was a mixt assemblage of persons of every denomination, I took my station on a seat near them, and listening with attention, I found that they were at this play. I learned the names of most of them, which I shall presently mention After they were all seated, the president, with a loud voice, bawled out, "what is my thought like?"

Squire Gobble being first asked, said it was like—a sitting alderman—General Ballista—like a battering ram—John Prologue—like a play-house—Dick Grazier—like a well-fed horse—Justice Childs—like his son, who was two years and four months old—Tommy Ploughshare—like a farmer—Simon Six-per-cent—like a stock-jobber—Capt. Larboard—like a skilful navigator—Squire Sourcrout—like Mynheer—Dr. Bark—like a man afflicted with the asthma—Johnny O'Flagerty—like a Cork.

After each peron had given his simile, the president declared, with a loud voice, accompanied with a triumphant laugh, that his thought was *a taylor*, and demanded of each person the reason of his simile, under the penalty of a glass of gin toddy. Five minutes were allowed for its consideration, and it was very amusing to see the racking of brains upon this occasion. When the five minutes were expired, each person was called upon for his answer, which, tho' they are not of the most ingenious and refined nature, I shall nevertheless insert them.

Squire Gobble said, *a taylor* was like a sitting aldern an—because his *cloth* is frequently covered with a *hot goose*.

General Ballista said, he was like a battering ram—because he is frequently employed in making *breeches*—breaches.

John Prologue said, he was like a play-house—because he is always full of *bills*.

Dick Grazier said, he was like a well-fed horse—because, he always lives in *clover*.

Justice Childs said, he was like his son—because he is but the *ninth part of a man*.

Tommy Ploughshare said, he was like a farmer—because he is used to *sow* and to *rip*—reap.

Simon Six-per-cent said, he was like a stock-jobber—because he has a great deal to do with *sheers*—shares.

Captain Larboard said, he was like a skilful navigator—because he knows how *to make a cape*, and *to double a cape*.

Squire Sourcrout said, he vush like Mynheer—because he vush always fond of *cabbage*.

Dr. Bark said, he was like a man afflicted with the asthma—because he is frequently obliged to *hem!*

Johnny O'Flagerty, whose turn came next, was turning and twisting the whole time, for fear he could find no answer, at length he cried out—"A taylor's like a Cork, for this plain reason—because —— my eyes he's not like it all."

This answer put the whole company in a loud roar, and the President at length decided it in favour of Squire Sourcrout.

QUID.

RULES OF BEHAVIOUR,

Of general Use to the Inhabitants of all populous Cities.

TO be more ready to give the wall, than to assert it, for fear of a dirty quarrel in a trifling cause.

Not to walk arm in arm, as if the street was made for us only, or we had no concern for any body's convenience but our own.

When we meet a friend we would talk with, take him aside, that the passage may be uninterrupted.

Not to walk the streets with a cane or stick under one's arm, which may be very offensive to the eyes or face of those who follow us; a practice no less frequent than inconsiderate, to say the best of it.

Not to use the sauntering gait of a lazy Spaniard, in a busy town of trade and hurry; for though we may be so idle or insignificant as to be in no haste, yet multitudes are as well behind us as before us.

To be cautious of staring in the faces of those that pass by us, and if we do it by mistake for a friend, ask pardon,

Passing in haste through a croud, let us make way with our elbows, not with our hands; for laying hold of persons seems contemptuous.

Not to affect a disregard of any person, in company, though ever so mean, by whistling or humming a tune, as if nobody was present; the dignity of human nature, in any circumstance, is considerable.

Never to force French complaisance upon plain people; but consider, that making people easy is the end of good breeding.

In a coffee-house, never keep more papers than one in hand; for that is an arrogant encroachment upon the common right of all the company.

SIMILIES!

A nobleman and a pig are—sty-led.
A brass-founder and public papers are—file-led.
A country plough-man and a cord of wood are—py-led.
A beau and a commodore are—ball-led.
An officer of government and an ox are—in-stall-led.
A glutton and a hard stick of wood are—maw-led.
A soldier and an enclosed garden are—pay-led.
A blacksmith and a man in a pillory are—nail-led.
A sailor and a valuable letter are—seal-led.
A wicked man and a pack of cards are—deal-led.
A turnpike company and a muffled bell are—toll-led.
A half-starv'd man and a billiard ball are—roll-led.
A fire and a blind man are—kind-led.
A brick-maker and a murdered man are—kiln-led.
A hen-pecked husband and a mule are—sad-led.
A new married man and a horse are—bride-led.

Ali and Orasmin;

OR,

THE EFFECTS OF ENVY.

An Oriental Tale.

WHEN Muley Mustapha, swayed the Ottoman Empire, lived Ali and Orasmin, sons of two most eminent lords in the court of Amurath his father: they were born on the same day; had been companions from infancy; contemplated together the stupendous beauties of nature; scrutinized the complicated labyrinths of knowledge; cultivated the heroic discipline of war; and courted the irresistible graces, calculated to meliorate the ruggedness of the soldier, and familiarize the pedantic stiffness of the scholar; polish the invaluable precepts of wisdom, and make even virtue's self more divine. It was determined at their births, by the genii of excellence, that Ali should surpass Orasmin in beauty of person, strength of body, and vigour of mind; and, though the latter apparently possessed all the candour, and generosity of the former, he was in reality subtle and selfish; jealous of merit, and impatient of superiority: yet the sacred zone of friendship, was mutually exchanged between them, and they were the sole confidants of each other.

A soil so ungrateful as the breast of Orasmin, was little propitious to the seeds of amity; especially as encreasing maturity confirmed proportionately the unkind bias of nature. In all their emulatory exercises, the wreath of victory was the boon of Ali, who wore it with the most conciliating demeanour: but nothing could reconcile Orasmin to repeated disappointments; continual defeat encreased his chagrin; his friendship daily subsided; he had recourse to stratagem for triumph, but the result was ever accumulated mortification; till, at length, envy took possession of his breast, and was by a most important occurrence sublimed into a desire of revenge.

Of Amine, the beautiful and virtuous daughter of the Vizier Omar, they were both enamoured; and both sought her affections, though unknown to each other; but the talisman of fortune was in the hands of Ali; and by consent of the vizer, the cadi drew up the contract of union between them. Orasmin attended the celebration of his friend's nuptials; but while he prayed aloud that Alla might shower down innumerable blessings on his head, he cursed him in his heart, and from that moment, meditated his destruction. But his resentment he veiled under the garb of extreme solicitude; and, while on his lips dwelt the mellifluous accents of disinterested profession, the deadly gall of hatred rankled in his soul. Lo! to the eye, how beautiful appears the serpent of the desart; yet, in his mouth is inserted a barbed sting, and under his tongue is collected the dark beverage of death!

Orasmin, now stedfast in his hate, waited with the utmost anxiety for a favourable moment to effect his monstrous purposes on his rival, as the tawny lion of Africa watches an opportunity to spring on his prey: but the hopes of the envious were vain; the conduct of Ali, put scandal to shame, and bade defiance to the machinations of malice.

The pure bliss which the new-married couple enjoyed, was in the fulness of time heightened extremely by the birth of a son, but it is written in the ample book of nature—"That the fairest blossom shall be blighted, and the green leaf shall not last for ever;" and, in the unutterable volume of destiny, that—"The aspect of human happiness is as deceitful as the complexion of the sky; and that the exquisite season of enjoyment flees away on the light pinions of impatience." The son of Amine was stolen from his nurse; and the house of Ali, from being the mansion of supreme felicity, became, on a sudden, the dwelling of anguish, and the haunt of despair.

An hundred moons had revolved, and Ali and Amine heard not of their first born; neither did the all-wise Alla, think fit to supply his place by another. At length, Ali was dispatched on an expedition against the enemies of the faithful; and Orasmin had the mortification to serve under him, as second in command. He resolved to thwart him all he could insidiously; and, by a well-concerted stratagem, and most consummate address, made so grand a diversion in favour of the foe, that the Mussulmen were not only defeated; but, apparently to the whole army, through the imbecility of the commander in chief, who narrowly escaped being made a prisoner.

The sagacious Ali, though he little suspected the treachery of Orasmin, knew well where the blame lay; yet, rather than his friend should suffer, nobly chose to keep silence, and himself bear the whole weight of the sultan's displeasure. The perfidious Orasmin, internally rejoicing at the effect of his art, with the greatest pleasure received the news, that the generous Ali was banished his sovereign's presence, and had retired to hide his shame far from the royal city. Time, however, and the interest of Omar, once more restored Ali to Mustapha's favour: he was entrusted, in a full divan, with an embassy to the Christian States; and returned, after having concluded his mission in the most honorable manner. But it should seem that the genii of prosperity had resigned his destiny to the spirits of malediction; the sublime satisfaction he received from the approving smiles of his royal master, was blasted by the intelligence that Amine, the wife of his bosom, was no more! At his departure, she had retired to a house, which he possessed by the sea shore; and it was her custom every evening to ramble among the rocks, as if to look for his return: from one of these excursions she never returned, and her attendants concluded she must have been drowned. Ali was distracted at the information, and flew from society to bury his grief in sympathizing solitude. In the mean time, partly through sorrowing for his daughter, and partly through the dilapidations of time, the venerable Omar resigned his seat of mortality; and Orasmin, by mere intrigue, obtained the post of temporary vizier; as Mustapha, had proclaimed, that no one should be confirmed in it, but he, who should perform an action worthy of such a reward.

Orasmin, however, through the most refined artifice, had almost induced the sultan to perpetuate his claim to the viziarship; when Nadar Ismoul, with a formidable army, approached, with all the insolence of a rebel, within two day's march of the royal capital. The voice of rebellion pierced the recesses of grief; and Ali, rouzed from his desponding lethargy by the imminent danger of his country, hastened to court, and throwing himself at the sultan's feet, entreated leave to march against Nadar, and retrieve his former dishonour. Muley readily complied; and Ali took the field with a less, but much better disciplined army, than that of Nadar; victory strode before him; the deluded forces of the traitor, threw down their arms, but it was the will of Alla, that their leader should escape.

[To be continued.]

An Infallible Remedy for a Burn or Scald.

Obtained of a gentleman lately from Germany.

Mix sweet oil, or if that cannot be had, fresh butter, hog's lard, or any such unsalted substance, with slackened lime, the fresher the better, until the composition shall become the consistence of paste; spread it on a linen cloth; double the cloth, and apply it to the wound. It will instantly relieve the patient of all pain. Renew the application once in about eight hours, for a few days, and the cure will be entirely effected.

The Commentator, No. 13.

"A fictitious person may contemn those who disapprove him, and extol his own performances without giving offence. He may assume a mock authority without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The praises or censures of himself, fall only on the creature of his imagination; and if any one find fault with him, the author may reply with the philosopher of old—THOU DOST BUT BEAT THE CASE OF ANAXARCUS." Spectator, No. 555.

HAVING such high authority for the indulgence of *egotism*, I shall lay before the reader, a letter from a gentleman of my acquaintance, who wishes to convince me of the erroneous tendency, of the doctrine I maintained in my two last numbers. But although I venture to gratify my self-consequence, by inserting a letter to myself in the capacity of an author, yet I have so far taken care to respect decorum, as to exclude several *very pretty*, well-turned compliments, which the writer's complaisance had woven in the body of the letter. These I have not the vanity to suppose, proceeded from his real sentiments, but were simply the effusion of politeness, or thrust in to soften his attempts to refute contradictory arguments.

TO THE COMMENTATOR.

SIR,

"In your eleventh and twelfth speculatations, you have published a dissertation on the pernicious consequences of novels;—and because there are to be found some few which inculcate sentiments inimical to the happiness of Society, you endeavour to proscribe the whole species indiscriminately. Thus confounding the innocent with the guilty, and depriving youth of a principal source of innocent amusement, and prevent them from having recourse to more mischievous resources. For their active minds, ever on the wing for something to engage their attention, must have employment, or time hangs heavy on their hands. There are many novels which are not only free from possessing any evil tendency, but convey excellent moral instruction, and as it wears so pleasing a garb, young minds receive it with pleasure, and preserve the impression longer, than if conveyed under a form of greater austerity. The works of Miss Bernay, may be ranked among the novels which are productive of utility, and are at once a source of information and entertainment. The language is very good, and the sentiments they inculcate, are excellent. Surely then, as long as there are to be found among this species of writing, works which have a tendency to instruct the mind, to improve the understanding, and inspire the heart with noble sentiments, you cannot wish to have them totally excluded from our libraries, and their publication prohibited.

There is a plan which has often occurred to me, and which, if put in practice, would I think obviate every objection that could possibly be made, to the circulation of novels, by preventing the publication of any, but those possessing a moral tendency. The plan I would propose is, that there should be established at the metropolis of these states, a Board of Criticism, to consist of men of known probity and rectitude, who are real foes to the increase of immorality and irreligion, and to be nominated by the President of the United States. These should appoint boards of criticism subordinate to them, in every town of any consequence on the continent, to whom all works should be presented for inspection, previous to their publication, under a heavy penalty. In case of the Author of any works, which had been prohibited by either of the minor institutions, supposing that justice had not been impartially distributed, an appeal might be made to the grand board of critical inspection at the capital, whose decree should be absolute and irrevocable. This plan might also be so extended, as to comprehend under the jurisdiction of the proposed council of criticism, all publications whatsoever. By this means, all the objections you have raised would be surmounted, and the minds of youth, run no risque of having their principles vitiated, an innocent source of amusement would be preserved, and not only flow uncontaminated, but might convey many useful precepts and valuable sentiments. The title of novels, would no longer be considered with abhorrence, by those who are enemies to the atheistical sentiments, they (I must confess) too frequently inculcate. Your's ever,

SOPHRONIUS."

This communication of my scheming friend, deserves a few remarks. His humanity renders him averse to proscribing the whole species on account of the pernicious tendency of a few individuals. But it must be remembered that it is by no means an easy undertaking, to investigate the principles they contain, without imbibing some of them. It is therefore preferable, that the whole should be destroyed, to running the risque of having the happiness of many innocent persons blighted by the insidious foe to man's peace, undermining their principles of rectitude, by means of this subordinate instrument. His plan for separating the good from the bad, is not very likely to be carried into effect, or it would certainly answer a good purpose, for there are many moral tales which are well worthy of preservation; as the tales of the author of the Adventurer, published in that valuable work. Indeed should the plan, proposed by Sophronius, be put in practice, some parts of it would probably operate to the destruction of the whole. For as it is proposed that the Grand Council of Criticism, as he is pleased to style it, should be appointed by the President, it may *so happen* that we might have a *chief magistrate, who was himself a secret friend to the very principles we wish to destroy*. In such a case, it would tend to disseminate the seeds of infidelity; as the good people of these States, relying on the judgment and integrity of their President and his Board of Inspection, would be thrown entirely off their guard. But although I do not entirely coincide in opinion in this respect with Sophronius, yet I hope he will favour me with a continuation of his correspondence, and express his sentiments with freedom, as they may in the next instance be congenial with my own. After having thus occupied nearly three papers, with reflecon the consequences of novels, deduced from experience, I shall conclude the subject, with the hope that my egotism will be considered excusable, when it is remembered, that I have the sanction of so high authority as the Spectator. J.

EUROPEAN PASTIME,

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IN the year 1700, a dreadful war commenced, which engaged almost all the powers of Europe. This war lasted thirteen years; and it was almost immediately succeeded by a war between Sweden and Russia, which drew in several other European powers, and was of seven years continuance. In 1733 there began a violent war in Europe, which continued three years. In 1737 the flame of war was again kindled and became general and violent. This war lasted eleven years. In 1755 there commenced another period of horrid war, which set all Europe in a flame, and lasted 8 years. Another bloody war began in Europe in 1768, and was of five years duration.

Next succeeded the war between Great Britain and the United States of America, which drew in France, Spain and Holland, and continued from 1775 to 1782. From the year 1788 to 1791 inclusive, a terrible war raged between the Prussians, Austrians, Turks, Swedes, Danes and Belgians. Then immediately commenced the horrible war between France on the one hand, and the combined powers of Europe on the other--In those wars which filled up the greatest part of the last century, England and France have been engaged nearly fifty years in a hundred.

It is a blessing that such a vast ocean severs us from that LAND OF BLOOD.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

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ON DEBATING SOCIETIES.

A Disunion of opinion requires nothing but reason to support it, and if evil exists, its existence deserves censure, when it is proven by truth, to be detrimental to the interests of society, or the morals of individuals.—To differ from a position, merely through whimsicality, supported alone by feeble negatives, is the last refuge of feeble minds.

It has often been enquired, tho' never as positively answered——Whether the prevalence of debating societies, are beneficial to individuals and to society?

Partially, They are beneficial to the community, and serviceable to individuals.

But *generally*, I hold them the injudicious instruments to gratify whim, and feed vanity. All men possess some portion of self-conceit, and the less knowledge they have, the more they wish its value illegally augmented. Nothing is more serviceable to students of law, and medicine, than an association, where they can advance each other's improvement; and where they can discuss subjects relating to their occupation. It is a valuable effort exacted for the benefit of society, and of which the public reap the advantage. But when the man who threads the needle, and he who bakes the loaf; when the cobler drops his lapstone, and the tinker leaves his kettle, to discuss literary questions, where the intricate paths of science present an insurmountable barrier to the ambitious sons of dulness; and where, to investigate the cob-web works of philosophy, the genius and perseverance of wisdom is required: it makes the lash of reprehension necessary, to keep ignorance and delusion from aspiring to the legitimate situation of knowledge.

Men of the same pursuit, as for instance, that of the law, united in a society, are in no danger of the introduction of unworthy characters; for members of the occupation, are commonly known to each other. Whereas it is notorious, that of several literary societies, or those so called; scarcely one ever held together more than a year, ——What was the reason? was it because the members for the most part possessed very little information? was it because their business prevented their attending the society? was it because they did not feel interest enough in the pursuit, or profit enough accruing from the association?—— No: It was the utter impossibility of preventing the introduction of members, derogatory to the primal dignity of the society. It was the apprehension of their characters suffering, by associating with members in *private*, with whom in *public*, they would be ashamed to be seen. Besides, it gives men a superficial idea of things; an unwarrantable presumption, to the acquaintance of objects, entirely out of their line. —Would it not make the taylor smile, to see the lawyer vain enough to endeavour to make his own coat? And would it not, also, make the lawyer smile to find the taylor disposed to advocate his cause in court. Society is composed of persons, of different ranks, and dissimilar occupations. Different professions require different men. He, whose talents entitle him to hold the reigns of government, should not become the daily labourer, and till the green face of nature. And he, who lifts the ponderous hammer in the cave of Vulcan, ought not to usurp the chair of state, and assume the pomp, and burthen of the nation's deputed power. If universal knowledge was easy to be acquired, then might the workman quit his shop in safety, and venture to the learned throng; but nature has denied it. The narrow comprehension of man, prevents his retaining long the knowledge of any particular science—The plodding scholar, fills his brain with learning, much diversified, and quits the college apparently wise, and capable of retaining all he then possessed. But when the busy cares of life engage his attention; when he treads the paths of avarice, and is busied in the accumulation of wealth, Homer is forgotten, Virgil lies neglected; and Cocker, with his numerical calculations, is thought of only.—Another material and radical evil, resulting from an association of persons indiscriminately, is, that it often interferes with their business; deprives their employers of their legitimate right, and prevents themselves from gaining sufficient information of their lawful pursuit. Many merchants have complained, that their books were not posted, and many tradesmen, that their work was not finished; because their clerks, and workmen, were otherwise engaged: the one poring over the works of Boyle, Newton, Locke and Descartes on Metaphysic's, and the other probing the dog's-ear'd histories of Rome, and Greece, to find *points*, and *arguments* for the next coming-controversy at the "*Society.*" It was but the other day I stept into Mr. Snip's the taylor, and enquired, what was the reason he had not sent home my coat. He was so wrapt in thought about a society, to which he belongs, that he replied in the words of *Othello*,

> "The very head and front of my accusation
> "Bears this.—no more."

yes, added I, "it bears this," that by your neglect, I shall be obliged to have recourse to some other person, to do my work. By this time he awoke out of his reverie, and begging pardon, observed, that he was a member of a Debating Society, and having been so out-talked by Lawrence Lapstone, the shoemaker, the last evening of their meeting, he was obliged to adopt more *forcible logic*, and actually engaged with Lawrence, in a pugilistic encounter. The Society were so irritated at his conduct, that his expulsion was preferred; but with the right of saying any thing in his own defence. "And having," said he," "applied to the most learned man in the Society, Mr. Scrawl the school-master, for some ideas, he gave me the foregoing sentence to place at the head of my vindication." His undisguised narrative of the affair, together, pleased me so much, that I forgave his inattention, on the solemn promise, of his future regularity in some measure compensating for his prior misconduct.

Hence debating societies are injurious to the community, and to those who become members of them.

First, Because they give young persons vain and untrue ideas of science, in consequence of not having time or abilities to investigate clearly, and distinctly, the nature, principles, and properties attached to it.

Secondly, Because they tend to associate characters of moral and immoral import, and thereby hurt the feelings of families, and friends concerned.

Lastly, Because they prevent that care and attention to business, which is requisite to the satisfaction of the employer, and the peace of the employed.

Therefore appears the necessity of examining the principles of a subject, before those principles are put in practice. It may be easy, undoubtedly, to write and speculate for the community in the closet, and reason on an air-built foundation; but that which is linked with the happiness of man, requires more than the fleeting flights of fancy, to support it against the test of public scrutiny: it ought to be well weighed in the scales of judgment, and well proven by general investigation, before its adoption is suffered, and the burthen of its evils thrown on society. And it is earnestly wished, that the societies of debate, in this city, composed of persons of different occupations, as tradesmen, journeymen, &c. may be abolished, as even their little good is productive of evil, and as universal evil was never intended for partial good.

THE FREE-THINKER.

The Temple of Hilarity.

How lovely *Hilarity* smiles,
And banishes trouble and pain,
The heart of its sorrow beguiles,
And clears and enlightens the brain.

Man never one moment should waste,
And nothing but bitterness prove:
Then come to this banquet, and taste
Sweet cheerfulness, friendship and love.

AMYNTOR.

SINGULAR ROBBERY.

A well dressed sharper, observing once a servant maid conversing with a young man two doors from her mistress's house, and that she had left the street door quite open, took the opportunity of slipping in, and stepped into a parlour, where an elderly lady was sitting by the fire, with two candles on the table, in silver candlesticks; without the least ceremony he takes a chair, and set himself opposite to her, and began with saying. "Madam, if you please, I will tell you an odd story, which happened a few nights ago, to a very worthy woman in our neighbourhood. Her servant maid was talking at a little distance to a silly fellow, as your own servant now is, and had left the door open; in the interim, in slips a sharper, as I may do, and walks into a room where her mistress, good woman, was setting before the fire, with two candles, as you may now do. Well—he had not sat much longer than I have done with you, before he takes one of the candles out of the candlestick, snuffed it out, and put the candlestick into his pocket, as I may do now. The good woman was planet-struck, as you may now be: upon which he takes out the other candle, as I may do, puts the candlestick into his pocket, as I shall do, and then wished her a good night, which I do most sincerely wish you." He was going out of the door, when the maid, having finished her conversation, was coming up the steps, he accosted her with saying, "My dear, your mistress has rung twice for you;" and wishing her a very good night, went off clear with the candlesticks.

A NEW WAY OF PAYING DEBTS.

DUFREME, a French Dramatic Author, owed his Washerwoman the sum of twenty louis d'ors. She pressed him for the payment of it, giving for a reason that she was just going to be married to a Valet de chambre.—"What then," says Dufreme, "you have got money besides; for the devil's in it, if any Valet de chambre will marry you with such a paltry portion as twenty louis d'ors."—"To be sure I have," said the Girl, "I have no less than 200 ducats, besides what you owe me."—"Two hundred ducats!" said the Poet, with some warmth, "what the devil, throw away so much money upon a Valet de chambre? Give it to me, and I'll be your husband, and then the debt is paid."—Accordingly Dufreme married his Washerwoman, and saved the 20 louis d'ors.

AN old maiden lady, having taken into her head that she would die in a few days, gave direction to the sexton of the parish, to dig out a handsome deep grave to receive her body; but before the much-apprehended time arrived, she met with a jolly young farmer who wanted her money, and she was prevailed upon to go to church upon a very different occasion. The Sexton happened to be at work upon her intended grave, as she passed by; when she generously put a guinea into his hand, and requested him to fill it up again as soon as possible.

MR. HOGAN.

Happening accidentally to find the following ancient piece of Correspondence, and having had some trouble in decyphering the same, I send it to you as an amusement to your Readers, for that purpose. Your's, &c.

E.

Anixo quo Anamfiggino Jorammi Lehkeg
Lofoxrofeholrü Iorgiemgig Im Xonifafu
Disohemiemgi Puwinasig feho.

GIH,

It you Lepeag fo zegfod gone ot youh glahe rougheg im lehugims fre toppodims feheafige you dipp from ze fre zeffeh azpe fo juws rod I rave glemf nime, amw it ny laimeg freheim nay ze Lhotifazpe fro fre luzpixk I rave my digr, ruf it mof, if it mof a soow frims mod imweew I wo gay go.

GIH, I an
Youh runzpe gehu amf

Oxfoz 30, 1684, } JOKM RADKING.
THOM POMWOM. }

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 27th, 1801.

How blest are those whom true affections bind,
Who love with love, and mind unite with mind;
Their beings are by sympathy, made one,
And their pure joys in purest currents run:
But, oh! the sad reverse of those who prove
The thorns, the bitters of an ill-placed love;
No sweets, no peace they have, while life remains,
But jars eternal, and eternal chains. AMYNTOR.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. Thomas Bringhurst, to Miss Molly Frailey, daughter of Mr Henry Frailey, all of Germantown....On the 25th, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Bryan Griffin, to Mrs. Elizabeth Murratt, both of the Northern Liberties....Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. James Roney, to Mrs. Sarah Pascall, both of this city.

———On the 18th inst. on Tinicum Island, by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. William Connover, of Philadelphia, to Miss Martha Diehl, of that place.

———On the 23d, by the Rev. Mr. Crose, of Swedesborough, John Tuft, Esq. high sheriff of the county of Salem, to Miss Margaret Carney, of Woodstown, (N. J.)

Death, still approaching, ever "draws more near,"
And ever calls, yet man will never hear:
Tho' relatives and friends around us fall,
We still run on, regardless of the call.
Alas! how transient all our earthly store!
To-day we bloom; "to-morrow are no more."
Then, O Divine Benevolence be nigh,
"O teach us how to live, and how to die!"

AMYNTOR.

DIED...On the 12th inst. on board the brig Rainbow, on her passage to this port, Dr. Edmond Ludlow, son of Carey Ludlow, Esq. of this city.

———On the 14th, at Reading, of an apoplectic fit, in the 83d year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Otto, relict of Dr. Bodo Otto, of this City.

———On the 17th, at Morris-Town, (N. J.) Col. William De Hart.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor acknowledges the justice of *X's* remark, that as *J. C.* commenced hostilities, in strict propriety *X's* last reply should have been published—It was, however, inadvertence, and not the least degree of intended partiality, that induced the editor to cut the controversy short, without attending to this punctilio.—Whether the continuation of "Criticism as a periodical paper," will be acceptable or not, depends a good deal on the writer himself. Though the editor, has the utmost confidence in *X's* candour, yet if he continues his numbers, great caution with respect to his own composition will be necessary, in order to avoid counter criticism,—he ought also to keep in view that excellent advice of Dr. Harris, to a young critic, "to avoid subtile and far-fetched refinement,"—"to turn his attention rather to the praise-worthy than blameable,"—and "to investigate the causes of praise rather than the causes of blame."

The editor recommends to "*Nugator*," alias "*J. M. P.*" alias "*H. H. I.*" *&c.* whose communications were received "*so long ago*," to improve his (or their) time to better purpose, than by endeavouring to palm the writings of others upon the public as his own.

"*The Beggar*," and "*A. B.*" will appear next week.

"*The Free Thinker's*" last communication will appear.

The editor would thank "*A Correspondent*," to favour him with the *work* as well as the answer to *Twice Eight's* question. The author from whom *Twice Eight* appears to have taken the question, has not given the work—and therefore room is left for "*A Correspondent's*" ingenuity to display itself, without any reflection upon the proposer, as he did not give it as original.

The editor avails himself of this opportunity to acknowledge his obligations to "*Amyntor*," for his poetical introductions to Hilarity, Marriages and Deaths in this day's Repository, and in those preceding; as also for the several communications in prose and poetry, with which he has from time to time furnished this paper. It is hoped he will continue his favours,—they will be attended to with cheerfulness and promptitude.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE FEMALE NOVICIATE's FIRST ATTEMPT.

If love of numbers from the dawn of youth,
Poetic animation could inspire;
Then even I, in raptur'd strains of truth,
" Would wake to extacy the living lyre!"

But-ah! unequal strife! when thousands fail, (shone;
For whom the golden lamp of knowledge
A fragile bark can never stem the gale,
Or on the critic-billows ride alone.

Yet still the sound of invitation mild,
In soft vibrations catch my willing ear,
And like a wayward fascinated child,
I break the bands of salutary fear.

If, as I fear, no ray of sacred light,
No bright poetic gems illume my mind;
A votary still I'll feast my ardent sight,
In Pope and Milton consolation find.

LAVINIA.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

AN ENIGMA.

When I first was discover'd in this lower world, (hurl'd;
It must seem just as if I'd from heaven been
I was born in the night, but when morning appear'd, (or scar'd.
My mother took flight, like one frighten'd
My father pursued her where-ever she went, (was sent!
And at last with a vengeance, to hell she
Yet she visits this earth once, again, and anon, (son.
And my duty's to chase her, tho' I am her
You will say this is cruel! but what will you say,
When I tell you where I am, she never dare stay?
Tho' I drive her before me, yet often I find, (behind.
While I'm still in pursuit, she is lagging
She's a frightful old hag, with a very black face, (place;
And is oftenest seen in the most dreary
She blindfolds her guests whensoe'er they draw near,
But on my near approach, they no longer need fear.
Yet so cunning is she, that the moment I quit,
She returns like a sprite, and possesses my seat:
Had she reign'd uncontrol'd, and had I ne'er been born,
Then mankind of all creatures had been most forlorn.
Yet the scriptures declare, and all know it too well; (to dwell;
That some villains prefer in her chambers
But be this as it may, I don't envy their lot, (be forgot
I will rout them out thence, they shall not
Both my mother and them, I will ne'er cease to chase,
'Till the sun and the moon, have both ended their race;
Since Infinite Wisdom, which plans all things well, (expel.
Bade me visit this world, and my mother

R. W.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

EPITAPH

ON A POOR, BUT VIRTUOUS MAN.

Stop reader here and deign a look,
On one without a name;
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book,
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife,
Strict virtue fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms a spotless life,
An honest heart his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence,
And thus his motto ran—
" A conscience void of all offence,
Towards both GOD and man."

At the great day, though silken pride
Now scorns his pedigree,
Thousands shall wish to be alli'd,
To his great family.

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

DULL TIMES.

No business stirring, all things at a stand,
People complain they have no cash on hand
DULL TIMES re-echoes now from every quarter,
Even from father to the son and daughter;
Merchants cry out, no money to be had,
Retailers say, the times are very bad;
Mechanics work, but they can get no pay,
Beaux dress genteel, and ladies too are gay,
Some live away, and then perhaps they fail;
While many run in debt—and go to jail.
The females must have ribbons gauze and lace,
And paint besides to smooth a wrinkled face— (new sash;
Short waist, silk gowns, court dress and a
Dull times indeed,—my friend there is no cash.
The bucks will dress genteel, go to the play,
Sit up all night, and lay a-bed all day;
Powder an empty pate, look smart and prim,
Follow each trifling fashion in odd whim.
And tradesmen must have turkeys, beef and veal,
Or else they cannot make a hearty meal.—
Are these bad times, when persons will profess
To follow fashion, and delight in dress?—
No times are good, but people are to blame,
Who spend too much, and justly merit shame.

SONG.

"FAREWELL ye green fields and sweet groves,"
Where blissful I've wandered along,
No more shall you hear of my loves,
No more be the burthen of song.

Your presence which used to give
Such pleasure when Mira was near,
Now causes in sorrow to grieve,
Since Mira no more does appear.

How often she told me she lov'd,
And vow'd she would ever be kind;
That with me she happiness prov'd,
And full satisfaction of mind.

How oft me she clasp'd in her arms,
Ye groves and ye fields can declare;
While blest with beholding her charms,
I banish'd all sorrow and care.

She's gone—and has left me in woe,
In sorrow and anguish and pain,
I never shall happiness know,
'Till blest with her presence again.

But cease my lamentings and sighs;
See Mira advance thro' the grove;
She comes—the delight of my eyes,
To bless me again with her love

For the Philadelphia Repository.

EXTEMPORE.

MARIA, go—in peace repose:
May angel-guards your eye-lids close;
Illume your soul with heavenly beams,
And whisper softest, gentlest dreams,
And when the morning meets your eyes,
And you, refreshed, from sleep arise,
May all your pow'rs new pleasures prove,
And ev'ry look and thought be love.
Thus may you, to the sleep of death,
Without a groan resign your breath;
Wake, the last morning, from the tomb
To endless joys in endless bloom.

AMYNTOR.